The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome then—no planets strike—
No fairy takes—nor witch hath power to charm—
So gracious and so hallowed is the time."

Oh bird of dawning! all the night
Sing, for the season is at hand
When hearts are glad and faces bright,
When happiness is heaven's command.
Shout, chanticleer! that all may hear
Whom cares have chastened through the year
Christmas is come to cheer the land.

And now no spirit walks but one
Of love; nor shall that spirit cease.
No planet rules, except the Sun
Of Righteousness—the Prince of Peace!
That star whose ray first led the way
To where the Babe in Bethlehem lay—
The star that ne'er shall know decrease.

This is God's house, this world of ours;
We are His children, and the morn
Should come in sunshine, crown'd with flowers,
On which Immanuel was born;
Make merry, then, ye toil-worn men!
And thou, shrill chanter, sound again
The glad note of thy bugle-horn.

A canticle, my chanticleer!
A song of joy for every shore:
Shout, Chrismas: to the new born year,
Good will, on earth, toward men once more!
Dread Janus! close in long repose
Thy hateful gates; make friends of foes,
And peace to all the world restore!

THREE WANDERERS BROUGHT HOME.

A STORY FOR THE SEASON.

It lacked just two days of Thanksgiving, and a wretched day it was. The weather, instead of assuming the brisk crispiness consistent with pumpkin pies and roast turkey, got into a sullen fit, and steadily wept tears of the most discouraging sort. The cold dampness permeated everything, even men's brains and tempers, to say nothing of rheumatic joints, which set up an aching protest against the very name of the approaching festival, and filled the air with a spirit of growl-giving, instead of the proper sentiment expected of a God fearing community.

The school room, with its rows of empty seats growing indistinct in the fading light, seemed a weak imitation of the dreariness outside. But there was one point of high light that instinctively drew the eyes to its surroundings, that point being caused by two white hands and wrists surrounded by snowy cuffs. Further scrutiny revealed the figure of a woman sitting by the table on the platform; the face was hidden by the two hands, the fingers losing themselves in the masses of dark hair above the forehead; the elbows rested on the table, and the figure stirred not.

Sixty pairs of restless, childish feet had passed out through the door homeward. Since their departure the register had been posted, reports made, and now that everything was done, the tired eyes closed, and the throbbing head dropped wearily into the cold hands that pressed so gratefully against it. Yes, the sixty pairs of inquisitive, searching eyes had departed also, and she could bow her head on the table, and even cry a little if she wished, and after having every muscle of one's countenance under the closest surveillance all day, that was quite a luxury. But the little school teacher was too tired to even weep; she just pressed her hands hard against her brows and thought of—nothing. After a time images came crowding in unbidden. Foremost of all was a frank, boyish face, with merry brown eyes and coaxing smile; but the merry eyes saddened and the face became grave, and Jennie shuddered as she wondered if it had grown hard and bad.

The face that so haunted her was that of a dear and only brother, gone now for eight years, and no one knew where; his name had ceased to be spoken among them, but his memory was never absent from her heart at least. There had never been but two of them, Jeannie and Fred, the children of parents now both old, old before their time; for poverty and trouble had aged them both. Jeannie, the younger, graduated from the city High School and went back to her country home to help carry the load of domestic affairs.

Fred, five years her senior, was inclined to be wild and reckless; his yielding nature made him a prey to others far worse than himself. There was nothing really vicious and low about the young man, but Nathan Hulett, nurtured in a stern creed, had imbibed it in every fibre; as his honesty was strict and unflinching, so was his judgment of others, and small charity or tolerance had he for the peccadillos of his son. Kind-hearted and generous, with a certain love of refinement, in spite of his recklessness, he, of course, was loved and defended by the mother and sister, especially the latter.

Things, however, finally came to an open rupture and the young man left the old homestead for the great unknown world. Nathan Hulett forbade his wife and daughter to answer the letters that came occasionally to them. "He has forfeited all claim to our affection," he said; "better forget him as he will us." After a while the letters ceased altogether and now they never spoke his name. After the son's departure, for a long time the father had been unable to attend to the farm duties, and mismanagement added to the inroads made by the prodigal, had finally brought poverty to the very door. Jeannie obtained a situation as teacher in one of the public schools in the City of D——, distant about fifty miles, and went there to teach. The old people still lived in the homestead, the broad fields were no longer theirs, but there was a little piece of ground which was carefully cultivated as a garden. Jeannie had been their sole support for five years, five toilsome uneventful years, brightened a little by visits to the old home during vacations, the remainder of the time divided between the little room up stairs at Mrs. Cribbins' and the four walls of the school room. Jeannie had very few acquaintances; she came a stranger to the city, and the charmed circle of culture and refinement which she would have enjoyed and graced, did not trouble itself to search out the little school teacher who dressed plainly and lodged at a cheap boarding house.

Jeannie was usually a brave girl, and bore whatever came with considerable calmness, having within her so many resources that many are not blest with; but to-night the longing to see some dear, familiar face had grown to be a pain. To go home, where she could only spend so few days, would be a luxury she could not afford; it was simply not to be thought of. At this juncture the janitress, armed with a broom and kerosene lamp, opened the door and looked in.

Miss Hulett, roused by the intrusion, and conjecturing that the room was wanted by that worthy person, rose wearily and prepared to go. Within the street-car she sat down in the farthest corner and gave herself up once more to her thoughts. There were only four other occupants beside herself. Two men, evidently mechanics, by their blackened faces, talked earnestly together; an elderly man on the other side perused a newspaper, and a handsome man, not elderly, with a light brown mustache and a perfect nose, took advantage of Jeannie's abstraction and studied her. He noted a pair of soft gray eyes, shaded with long lashes, a thoughtful brow, indifferent nose, a small mouth with rather full lips—taken collectively a decidedly refined and intellectual face, not beautiful, nay, hardly pretty, but possessing a charm that to some mind is more than either.

Dr. Thorndyke was much given to studying people, and as he had seen something of the world, his deductions were often exceedingly truthful. The young lady rose to pull the bell strap, but as her hands were incumbered, the doctor had anticipated her. He instinctively watched her leaving the car. Some one wished to get on and there was a halt of a minute, during which interval Dr. Thorndyke had made a desperate rush from the car, and been the first to assist to her feet a woman who had fallen on the crossing; that woman was Miss Hulett.

The wind had risen to the fury of a young tornado, and the rain came in blinding gusts. On leaving the car, Jeannie had attempted to raise her umbrella. The wind playfully completed the operation, and then, as if delighted with its new toy, inflated it like a balloon and pulled with the strength of a young giant. Jeannie attempted to turn it around sufficiently to close it, but while sight and strength were directed toward the subjection of the enemy, one of those social outcasts known as butcher boys, in command of a horse and cart, dashed wildly around the corner. The wheel caught the umbrella, and, wrenching it from her grasp, threw her to the pavement. In an instant two strong arms had lifted her up, and a very kind voice was asking her if she was hurt. But the words sounded to her indistinct and far away. She was partially stunned and her ears were filled with a rushing sound. A deadly faintness was coming over her, but she battled with it fiercely and turned her face so that the rain might beat upon it. The doctor gathered up her belongings and assisted her to the sidewalk. As soon as she could speak she gasped out her thanks and put out her hand for the things he had been carrying, saying, "I shall be able to go on now, and will not trouble you further."

They were now under the full glare of a gas light, and the doctor's professional eyes were not long in discovering that she war suffering intensely. He did not heed her words: "You must let me take you into this store until I can call a hack," he said.

In the midst of her pain and distress she remembered her straitened purse and exclaimed: "Oh, no! please don't. I shall be able to go on in a minute; it is only three blocks from here."

"Well, then, you will allow me to shelter you with my umbrella, will you not? You know yours was completely wrecked."

"Thank you," she said; "but I do not care for the rain, I like it in my face."

The doctor was in a dilemma. A less daring young man would have retreated in good order, but Ralph Thorndyke was as bold as a lion when human suffering demanded his help. The pity and tenderness of his heart were as a great flood which completely drowned small scruples and conventionalities.

"If you would rather wait in this store until I can bring some friend to you, give me the address, and I will be gone but a short time; but you must not be left alone in this storm. You are liable to faint at any minute."

"It is my wrist," she said. "I must have twisted it in falling."

"Will you let me look at it, please? The healing art is my business."

The wrist was much discolored, and was rapidly assuming puffy dimensions; it was a very bad sprain. He gently straightened the fingers and moved the arm. "No bones are broken; it is a sprain, but should have attention as soon as possible," he said, hastily improvising a sling out of his ample handkerchief.

"We will go on, then, since you are so kind. I have no friends—at least relatives—here in the city. I live in a boarding-house."

On reaching the place, which was a very unpretending structure in a very unpretending street, the doctor presented his card, rang the door bell, and after seeing her safely inside, turned and walked rapidly away.

Jeannie found the little room up stairs dreary enough; it was damp and chilly, and there was no fire. The faintness came over her again, and she sank down on the bed, where she was found an hour later by Mrs. Cribbins, the mistress of the house. After the wrist had been cared for, Mrs. Cribbins said in a playful manner and a grimace which was intended to be exceedingly arch and suggestive, "I suppose he'll be a comin' around to inquire after you."

"I don't think he will; I didn't ask him." In answer to the next question: "You see it was the umbrella that did it. It makes me shudder to think where I might be now, if it hadn't been for that cart-wheel bringing things to a crisis. I dare say I should have been sailing over the roofs of the houses, or steering straight for the open sea. It wouldn't have been so bad, after all," she added, with a little sigh; "it would have been a change from the old hum-drum, and I might have been dropped somewhere on some 'Fortunate Island.'"

"You lost the umbrella, I suppose?"

"I hope I did," came wearily from the long-suffering girl. "If you ever find it, don'tlet me know about it."

The weary lids had closed over her eyes and Mrs. Cribbins, concluding that further information from that quarter was not to be extracted, wisely took her leave.

During the long night the pain in the injured wrist effectually banished sleep and Jeannie thought over the events of the evening, viewing them in many lights. She eventually exclaimed "What a spectacle I must have presented. I solemnly believe every teaspoon and soiled napkin rolled out of that horrible lunch basket. I wonder what he thought. Pshaw! I don't care what he thought;" and then she found the next minute that she did care. "Why, I suppose by this time he has forgotten all about it. He evidently moves in a circle that I shall never penetrate. He must have laughed though; he couldn't be human and not have done that; but I didn't see him. No, I don't believe he did laugh; he had the kindest voice I ever heard. and there was something so strong and self-reliant about him, you unconsciously did as he told you."

Then she spent the remainder of the night in being intensely disgusted with herself for having thought about him at all.

Ralph Thorndyke, M. D., walked into his handsomely furnished apartments in Vine street, after leaving his charge. He took off his damp outer garments, donned a dressing-gown, and stretched himself before the open coal fire.

The door opened and a man of perhaps thirty-five entered. "Hallo, Thorn," he said, approaching the fire, "so you've turned up? I had just thought of going to the morgue to look for you."

"Cheerful thought! Did you suppose I had taken up my residence there permanently?"

"Not willingly; but as it was past office hours when I was here before, and there was such a hurricane outside, I didn't know but what you'd been struck with a flying sign and been borne off on a shutter."

"No, it was not a sign; it was something vastly different."

"Then you were struck" — coming nearer, and taking a survey of the doctor's features—"where!"

"Nothing serious—figuratively speaking, as it were."

"Ah! in that undiscovered region from whence—I mean under your vest pocket—isn't that about the place?"

"Avaunt, you bungler! I wouldn't employ you for an office boy, if you'd work for a postage stamp a week. No, indeed; its higher up, somewhere in the region of the brain, I think."

"A bungler, forsooth! If I cannot read your case to a T, set me down for a hod carrier or—an M. D. Why, my poor boy, that's one of the most alarming symptoms of the whole disease. It always works that way, in its worst stages. In affairs of the heart, the deluded victim invariably imagines it's his head, and all the time his brains have nothing to do with it."

"Very well, since you're certain of it, perhaps you might prescribe," remarked the patient resignedly, with half-closed eyes.

"Do you have a fluttering, uneasy sensation, a little to the left of that middle shirt stud? Ah, your head is cool!"

"Give o'er! Unhand me, villain!" thundered the doctor in basso-profundo, striking a stage attitude, and hissing through his teeth, "Beware, frail man, lest in my frenzy I administer one of my own prescriptions, and the place of your habitation henceforth know you no more. But, seriously, he said, sinking back into his lounging attitude, I've had a little adventure."

"I suppose with your keen scent at unearthing remarkable characters, you've brought to light the Charley Ross abductor. Remember a poor but deserving young man when you go for the reward, won't you?"

"It wasn't in that line, and if there ever should be a reward it won't be divided with the deserving young man, he can bet his bank account on that."

"Great smoke!" said the other, between ineffectual attempts at getting a cigar under way. "Must be something of a bonanza; but why don't you go on? I burst with impatience."

"So did I a little while ago, when I was trying to tell my story, but I'm perfectly willing to wait now until you get through. That's a mighty good cigar."

After a while, through the floating rings and wreathes of smoke, the evening's occurrence took shape and form, and the friend was made acquainted with it all, excepting a few details, which Thorndyke kept to himself.

"Poor little thing," he said, "how I did pity her. If she had only been a child, instead of a woman, I would have picked her up and brought her right here where it is warm and comfortable. Jove! I'll wager she's up in the top of that cheerless old boarding-house, where everything that you touch is damp and there hasn't been a fire for twenty-four hours But wasn't she as proud as Lucifer! Why, I had to thrust my attentions upon her in order not to leave her to fall in the street, and become the center of a curious crowd. She didn't honor me with her name though; I'm afraid as a knight errant I'm not a success. There evidently is something against me."

"Personal appearance is everything," coolly observed the other gentleman.

"True," he answered; "very likely then I give people the impression of Mephistopheles or Lord Verisopht. Which is it?"

"Hard to tell, my boy; there is such a subdued but fine mingling of the two that it would be no easy matter to draw the line."

By and by they fell into a reverie.

"What! not going so soon?" said Thorndyke, tossing his cigar in the fire.

"Yes; I'm deuced blue to-night."

"Anything new come up?"

"No, only I'm a little more disgusted with myself than usual, for being a coward and an idiot. Here I've been for four weeks only fifty miles from home, and can't get courage to go out there. Thanksgiving will be here in two days, and I shall spend it alone like old Scrooge or some other social outcast."

"I don't think you ought to feel that way. You've put the past entirely behind you, and have struck out on a new course. Cheer up, and go and tell them so like a man."

"Then you can't know what it is to be ashamed to look in your mother's face. I hope you never may," he added huskily. "Somehow it seems as if when the ones you have wronged the most, and who have forgiven you the most, at last turn against you, it is because the lavish abundance of their affection and forbearance has finally exhausted the supply. If little Barrett is living she is a woman now. If I could only see her first perhaps it would be different. It seems as if she would pave the way, you know."

"Who is little Barrett? I do not think you ever told me."

"The dearest little woman of a sister. You smile at the name. I gave you the other when I told you of her; but that one is so exclusively my own property that I always call her that when I think of her. The way it came about, she used to be given to writing verses, and, just to tease her, I called her Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and little Barrett for short. She protested strongly at first, but became used to it at last. Little Barrett—little Barrett—somehow speaking the name out makes things seem more real, and brings them nearer. But I must go," he said, turning quickly and walking toward the door, to hide the tears which had gathered at the mention of that tender little reminiscence.

"Well, I'll come around there to-morrow, and will see," the doctor shouted after the figure going down the stairs.

When Thorndyke called on his friend the next morning he found him on the point of starting out to hunt up a boarding house. "My present quarters are pleasant enough," he said, "but too expensive. I must look up something a little less stylish, if the fare is not so good. I must begin to save up a little in case—in case—I should find them, you see. Do you know of any place?"

The Doctor thought a moment and then, as if taking a sudden resolution:

"Why, yes, I know of a house. I can't say what the accommodations would be, but I'll show you where it is if you wish."

On the way there, Thorndyke was actually troubled with some misgivings, so he remarked carelessly:

"You needn't mention that I sent you there—they don't know me. If they want references I can furnish you with them, since you are a stranger here."

"If I wasn't you'd find some difficulty in doing so, I suppose," he answered, laughing.

Thorndyke showed him the house, left him at the corner, and disappeared.

As it happened, Mrs. Cribbins was that afternoon throwing her whole soul into the composition of mince pies. The maid of all work had departed to the grocery for sugar, and when the door-bell rang Mrs. Cribbins, with distress on her flushed countenance, stated the critical condition of the pastry, and asked Miss Hulett, if she would open the door. She proceeded to grant her request, and found the doctor's accomplice on the door step. He raised his hat and inquired for Mrs. Cribbins. Jeannie replied by asking him in. He did not seem to heed her words but stood still. Such unusual conduct caused Jeannie to look again a little more closely. His eyes met hers with an eager, questioning gaze.

"Pardon me," he said. "Are you Miss Hulett?"

"Yes, that is my name—I will call Mrs. Cribbins," she said, starting away from the door.

"No, no; please stop a moment."

She turned and paused at the entreaty of his voice.

"Are you Jeannie Hulett; have you a brother Fred?"

Her face was now as pale as his.

"Yes, yes; I did have. Have you seen him? Tell me quick!" She came closer and scanned his face, her lips parted, and she faltered. "Can it be——"

"Yes," he cried out, catching her close, "it is he; and you are 'little Barrett,'" showering kisses on her brown hair and the tremulous lips. "I knew you in a moment; but you did not know me;" he added a little sadly.

"No," she answered, "I almost felt it. too, but it was too good to be true, too good, too good." she murmured.

Jeannie took her brother up to her own little room, shut the door and sat down by him. She held his arm very tight, and looking up through the mist in her eyes, said: "I was so lonely, so miserable, and you have made me so happy, I mean to hold you close, for fear you will disappear as mysteriously as you came. I want to be sure that it is not all a dream."

"There's not the slightest danger of me becoming an unsubstantial wraith, until I am obliged to. I'm altogether too comfortable in the present situation," and he squeezed the little hand on his arm, but as he glanced down at the other one, he made a discovery—the wrist was bandaged. "By all that's good!" he thought to himself. "If they're not one! the Doctor's heroine and little Barrett. Well, this is too good to be exploded all at once; it will keep and get all the better. I'll not let on to either of them."

"How did you happen to come here?" she asked.

"O it all came about by chance," he answered evasively.

After a while she asked him for the history of those nine long years,

"My dear little sister," he said with some emotion, "I have put them, I hope, forever away from me and opened a new account."

He told her all. The recklessness of those first years, then the dissipation and wickedness, the days and nights spent at the gambling table, the fortunes won and lost, the madness of riotous drinking, and untamed passions, the intervals of stinging remorse, then the plunging again into a deeper and swifter whirlpool than before.

He was living this reckless life at Dresden; day after day, night after night was spent at the card table; but at last there came a time when fortune frowned. He lost, and lost heavily.

Then came the uprising of all Germany. The genius of war sprang like Minerva, and hurled with resistless force her iron battalions against presumptuous France.

He told how gladly he had joined a regiment bound for the front; anything that meant action was better than the frozen torpor of his life. Then came that memorable 14th of August, the first battle before Metz, when the night closed over a field strewn with 4,000 Prussians killed and wounded. He had belonged to the glorious Seventh Crops, under Steimetz, and when the left, commanded by Zastrou, rushed madly in the advance, the French fire moved down the line with a terrific and murderous sweep. Their ranks were filled immediately and they passed on. Pandemonium seemed opening beneath their feet with the infernal growl of the mitrailleuse, the hiss of the Chassepot, and the ring of the needle-gun bullets. There came a sudden burning sting, and he remembered no more, until aroused by a stab of pain; a lantern flashed in his face; they were lifting him into an ambulance.

Long weeks of suffering succeeded; torturing days of pain, delirium, and pitiful weakness. After a time the fever began to abate, and during the tedons convalescence, his past life came like a hideous spectre and stared him in the face. He had been so near death, he had been forced to think of it; his physical suffering seemed to have purified his grosser elements, and frightened the spiritual.

The young surgeon who had charge of him was a countryman of his own, and a sort of friendship had sprung up between them. He grew to look with a kind of childish longing for his visits. There was something in his presence more invigorating than his tonics.

In Fred Hulett's case, the interest between doctor and patient was mutual. The former had mused many a time and speculated much on the man in No. 12. The face, which was still fine, despite the ravages of dissipation and disease, the elegant manner and well-chosen speech, the stoical endurance under the probe and knife—an American and a common soldier of the German ranks. Here was an object of the most interesting sort, within close range of the doctor's penchant for the study of character.

One day he found his patient in a state of mind just bordering on the overstrung condition which had produced the nervous chill before. He changed his tactics, and delicately asked him if there was not something beside the giving of medicine that he could do for him; could he not write home for him?

"Barrie," said Fred, "I broke down at that and cried like a baby. He left me have it out and said nothing, but when I grew a little calmer, I felt that I must tell him, and perhaps I should be better and stronger to take up a new life and stand to it. After I had finished he took my hand in a warm, strong grasp: 'You are young,' he said; 'there is yet time to retrieve something of what you have lost. The mistakes of even ten years should not draw down and engulf a whole life in their wreck. God knows that temptation comes to every man under the sun, else he would not make the cry for help a daily prayer. We all have our hourly battle to fight. We will breast it together if you will. It is not a matter of favor from the gods, but each man fights on his own mettle, and the doughtiest wins.'

"I was not slow in making him understand the good he had done me; and he, for his part did not forget the offer of friendship, but has stood by me like a brother ever since.

"I wanted to put the Atlantic between me and the country where the very air seemed thick with sickening memories. As soon as the doctor could wind up his affairs, we came back together. Through his influence I got a situation. I've succeeded so far in giving satisfaction, and hope to keep on. The doctor has furnished his rooms and put out his sign. There's no doubt but that he'll soon build up a practice, but he won't starve in the meantime, as he has something of a pile to fall back on. Barrie, I want you to know the man who has done so much for me."

Jeannie had been shocked and awed by this tragic chapter of a life. The suffering and misery had drawn out her tenderest sympathies.

They took the train together that night for home. A short time before they started, Fred Hulett dashed into the doctor's office in a high state of excitement, and nearly fell over a small valise, which stood, of course, in the middle of the floor, whereat Thorndyke appeared suddenly in the doorway with some clean clothes on his arm and alarm on his countenance.

"I'm going home to-night, and with whom do you think?" He did not give him time to think. "With 'little Barrett' herself. God bless you, Thorn! you sent me to the very house where she boarded. Wasn't it strange? She's just as sweet and sensible as she used to be, and was so glad to see me."

Thorndyke, with a hearty grasp of his hand, told him how glad and happy he was in his good fortune, adding that he now saw no obstacle in the way of his fulfilling his engagement, and doing double justice to the dinner on the morrow. "It will be a Thanksgiving indeed to you," he said, at parting.

"Yes," answered the other, while his face lighted up with a kind of worship for his friend; "and you had a hand in it." He turned as he was going out, "I didn't have a chance to investigate for you, but will when I come back," he said.

That night two old people sat by the fire, in a farm-house back from the road. "It'll be lonesome without both of them," the mother said, in a stifled voice. "Somehow he's been in my mind all day."

Nathan Hulett did not answer at first, it was so unusual a thing to speak of that one. He bowed his chin on his breast.

"Yes, yes," he said, "but we have no son that cares to come home to us."

After a time another sound was heard, a rumble of wheels, and they stopped at the gate, and before either of them had got there an excited young woman had burst in, and kissed them both before they could say a word. After a few minutes the presence of some one outside was broken very gently, and then the best part of that old, old story of the Prodigal Son was acted again. What passed at that time was too sacred, too solemn for other eyes than their own.

One evening soon after Jeannie and Fred had returned to the city, they were chatting cosily together in the little front room up stairs. "I'm going to bring the doctor up to-morrow evening," he said, "and if you don't say he's a fine specimen, I shall consider your judgment fatally warped by too much poetry and school teaching."

"There certainly isn't much sameness about the two," she answered, laughing, "I dare say he's a saintly kind of a creature that exists only in your imagination. I'm afraid I'm going to be disappointed in him. I wouldn't wonder if he turned out to be dreadful commonplace and dull. Or if he isn't, perhaps he'll be condescending, and look down, from his lofty pedestal, on me, as something that's really quite passable for a woman, whereat he'll proceed to rack his gigantic intellect for phrases that are pretty and harmless, and suited to my comprehension. That's the kind of a man that makes my blood boil, and I shall shock him. Depend upon it I shall forget how much I owe him and say something dreadful. If you see me on dangerous ground, just step on my toe and I'll leave the room for a few minutes and cool down."

"We'll make you look as pretty as possible, and I'll keep guard over your temper, and perhaps we'll be able to worry through the evening."

"Now if it was only the gentleman I told you of, who was so kind when I sprained my wrist, then there would be some excitement in getting yourself up 'killing.' I believe you said your doctor was about fifty and had a bald spot on his head, didn't you?"

"Well, the poor man can't help his age, can he? I've known some very estimable people who even wore wigs. Besides, you are twenty-five, and can't expect to be noticed by gentlemen much under sixty."

"Then don't make him any more dazzling than you have already, or I shall be obliged to enter the room carrying a piece of smoked glass before my eyes. Besides, if you tell many more like the last, I shall begin to suspect his very existence. Beware lest I turn on you as did Betsy Prig when the hyperbolical Mrs. Harris became too much for her."

"His eyes——"

"Pause! you know not what you do; if one of them is glass, spare me for the present. I haven't quite recovered from the wig yet, though you did break it as gently as possible."

She stuck her needle into the cushion and leaned back, pushing up her hair with both hands and drawing her pretty brows into a frown, as she regarded him; but the Sphynx was not more immovable than the subject before her, and she gave it up.

The next evening the two gentlemen called as expected. When Jeannie entered the little parlor, and the introduction followed, the denouement was all that treacherous and designing young man could possibly wish for.

The first time that the Doctor and his friend met after that evening an exceedingly lively conversation ensued. Each one had been the victim of the other to a certain degree, but, strange to say, neither of them seemed disposed to retaliate in an unpleasant manner—fact, they took it quite philosophically and stood ready to accept the result in high good humor. Fred Hulett was heard to make some remarks concerning references, but the Doctor declared it looked a little now as if the shoe was on the other foot.

* * * * * * *

Just one year from that eventful Thanksgiving, Dr. Thorndyke joined Jeannie and Fred at the old farm house. There was quite a little family gathering; even Dr. Thorndyke's mother, a grand-looking old lady, was there. The room was dressed in evergreens and ferns, with scarlet bittersweet berries burning among the branches. The open fire cast a cheery, dancing gleam on the faces of the guests, and the old-fashioned candelabra held waxen tapers all alight.

Suddenly there was a little expectant hush—under the leafy arch came a man and woman who had realized in each other that one bit of Heaven which the first of a sorrowful race had carried out of Paradise when the earthly gates were closed forever, that "perfect love" which casteth out fear.

Since her marriage Mrs. Thorndyke has won a reputation in the literary world, and her husband glories in her success. I might tell the name she writes under, but promised not to.

A THIRTY YEARS' RECORD OF ATTEMPTS ON THE LIVES OF RULERS.

1848—November 26.—The life of the Duke of Modena was attempted.

1849—June 21.—The crown Prince of Prussia was attacked at Minden.

1851—May 22.—Sefeloque, a workman, shot at Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, and broke his forearm.

1850—June 28.—Robert Pate, an ex-Lieutenant in the army, attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria.

1852—September 24.—An infernal machine was found at Marseilles with which it had been intended to destroy Napoleon III.

1853—February 18.—The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was grievously wounded in the head while walking on the ramparts at Vienna, by a Hungarian tailor named Libzens.

1853—April 16.—An attempt on the life of Victor Emmanuel was reported to the Italian Chamber.

1853—July 5.—An attempt was made to kill Napoleon III. as he was entering the Opera Comique.

1854—March 20—Ferdinand Charles III., Duke of Parma, was killed by an unknown man, who stabbed him in the abdomen.

1855—April 28.—Napoleon III. was fired at in the Champs Elysees by Giovanni Pianeri.

1856—April 28.—Raymond Fuentes was arrested in the act of firing at Isabella, Queen of Spain.

1856—December 8.—Agesilas Milano, a soldier, stabbed Ferdinand III., of Naples, with his bayonet.

1857—August 7. — Napoleon III. again. Bartoletti, Gibaldi and Grillo were sentenced to death for coming from London to assassinate him.

1858—January 14.—Napoleon III. for the fifth time. Orsina and his associates threw fulminating bombs at him as he was on his way to the opera.

1851—July 14.—King William of Prussia was for the first time shot at by Oscar Becker, a student at Baden-Baden. Becker fired twice at him but missed him.

1862—December 18. — A student named Dossios fired a pistol at Queen Amalia of Greece (Princess of Oldenberg) at Athens.

1863—December 24.—Four more conspirators from London against the life of Napoleon III. were arrested at Paris.

1865—April 14.—President Lincoln was shot by J. Wilkes Booth.

1866—April 6.—A Russian named Kavarasoff attempted Czar Alexander's life at St. Petersburg. He was foiled by a peasant, who was ennobled for the deed.

1867.—The Czar's life was again attempted during the great Exposition at a review in the Boise de Boulogne at Paris.

1868—June 10.—Prince Michael of Serbia was killed by the brothers Radwarowitch.

1871.—The life of Amadeus, then newly King of Spain, was attempted.

1872.—August. — Colonel Gutieriez assassinated President Balta of the Republic of Peru.

1873—January 1st.— President Morales of Bolivia was assassinated.

1875 — August. — President Garcia Mareno, of Ecuador, was assassinated.

1877—June.—President Gill of Paraguay was assassinated by Commander Molas.

1878—May 11th.—The Emperor William of Germany was shot at again, this time by Emilie Henri Max Hoedel, *alias* Lehmann, the Socialist. Lehmann, it will be remembered, fired three shots at the Emperor, who was returning from a drive with the Grand Duchess of Baden, but missed him.

1878—June 2d.—A third attempt was made on the life of the Emperor William by Dr. Nobiling.

—Boston is agitating the subject of requiring all employés of that city to live within the city limits.

Varieties.

—Venison sells for seven cents a pound in Johnstown, Pa.

—A large force is at work grading the Texas and Pacific railroad from Fort Worth to Weatherford.

—President Allen, of Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, has resigned, and the vacancy will be filled at the meeting of the College Trustees in January.

—Charlestown, N. H., has just discovered that the grave of a young man buried nearly thirty years since was robbed long ago, the coffin being filled with sand after the body was removed.

—The combined weight of the six members of the family of John Lindsey, of Lancaster, N. H., is more than 1400 pounds, or an average of 233⅓ pounds each. Mrs. Lindsey is the heaviest, weighing 304 pounds.

—A London court has fined a man who caused a public nuisance by manufacturing sulphate of ammonia $15,000, though if he abates the nuisance and pays the costs, $10,000, in a month, the fine will be remitted.

—Since January 1 five ships, five barques, one brig, fourteen schooners, six sloops and two steamboats, with an average tonnage of 15,639 tons, have been built in the Bath, Me., district. This comprises the business of the year, and no more vessels will be launched.

—The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says: "In the United States Court there are fewer disappointed exhibitors than in any other. Out of 2000, 800 have carried off prizes. The Americans sent very little trash to the Champ de Mars."

—On November 11, the occasion of the ninth birthday of the Prince of Naples, the heir apparent to the Italian throne, he was taken by his mother, Queen Marguerita, to the Hall of the Five Hundred, in Florence. He was enthusiastically received by 8000 children.

—A handsome monument has just been erected in Kensal Green over the grave of the late Mlle. Titiens. It is of red polished granite. At the head and feet are wreaths in white marble. The following is the inscription: "In memory of Therese Titiens, who died October 3, 1877."

—While a farmer of Monroe, N. Y., was prying upon a flat stone in a quarry last week his hand touched something cold clammy. He raised the stone and found a ball made up of forty-five large black snakes. They were matted together as though they had been braided, and were separated by beating with a club.

—Mr. Spurgeon has declined to accept personally the gift of $25,000, which his congregation is raising to commemorate the completion of his twenty-fifth year's work as a Baptist minister, but will devote the amount to the establishment of a permanent fund for the aged poor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle almshouses, fourteen in number.

—A man entered a grocery store at North Vernon, Ind., the other day and asked for a gallon of molasses. Having drawn it the storekeeper asked him what he would take it home in. "In my hat," promptly replied the customer, calmly holding out a new silk hat, into which the grocer, not to be outdone in *sang froid*, poured the fluid. Then the customer jammed the hat on the grocer's head, and, having thus occupied his attention, took what money there was in the till and departed.

—It is noteworthy that if Angell, the Pullman defaulter, had gone to any country with which the United States have an extradition treaty, he could not have been arrested nor returned to Chicago, because no treaty embraces the offence with which he is charged. By selecting for his asylum a country between which and his own no extradition provisions exist, the fugitive put himself at the mercy of international comity, and Portugal is one of the most polite of nations.—*N. Y. World.*

—The importation of French, Norman and Percheron horses to this country is continually on the increase, as one importing company after another is organized for the purpose. Since 1872 one gentleman in Illinois alone has brought from France nearly one hundred and fifty head of stallions (and a few mares), from which an almost incredible number of offspring have descended, and again have produced foals to all appearance as high bred as the imported stock. For heavy work they are incomparable, and as their value becomes known they fill also many a place as roadsters, where both strength and speed is desired.—The average weight of a stallion is from one thousand four hundred pounds to two thousand pounds, while most of the grades resulting in crosses with common mares weigh from one thousand two hundred pounds to one thousand six hundred pounds.—*Springfield Union.*

—A curious incident is related of a canary bird by a Georgia paper.—The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open that he might enjoy the freedom of the room.—One day he happened to light upon the mantel shelf where there was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and cautiously at himself, and came to the conclusion that he had found a mate. Going back to his cage, he selected a seed from its box, and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake, and becoming weary of that, tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and dispirited he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the day, and although the door was repeatedly left open, he refused to come out again.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1879.

THE NEW YEAR.

In issuing this the first number of the 27th year of the PRESS, we also again find ourselves at the commencement of a new calendar year, 1879. How swiftly time does fly!

Notwithstanding the year 1878, now past and gone, has been a *hard one*, in a financial point of view, yet we have much to be thankful for, but hope the year just entered upon, 1879, may not only lay its predecessor literally in the shade, but bring forth unbounded prosperous times for the farmer, mechanic, merchant, and all business men.

And now, thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to the PRESS office, hoping by renewed exertion on our part to have no reason to complain in the future, we tender to friends and patrons, one and all, the compliments of the season,

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

GOV. HAMPTON, of South Carolina, we are pleased to learn, is considered out of danger, and rapidly improving.

DIPHTHERIA is still prevalent in Guilford, Alamance and adjoining counties. In some families as many as three and four children died in the course of a day or two.

COLD WEATHER.—The weather in Europe, and all over the Northern and Western sections of our county, is very severe; the snow from four to five feet deep, last week.

THE distress in England is on the increase. The Mayor of Sheffield announced on the 24th December that 10,000 pounds were required for the relief of the sick and hungry in that city.

Dates of the 29th represent troubles in England on the increase.

A New York Bank Messenger lost $200,000 on the 27th ult., and the pocket book lost by said messenger was returned next day, by mail, minus $7,739 in currency and gold. The balance in clearing house certificates, &c., was not available, and therefore returned.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The pension officer has decided that the widow of a soldier of the war of 1812 who married again and lost her husband was not entitled to a pension; and to do away with this hardship Judge Harris, of Virginia, introduced a bill in the House which gives such widows pensions just as if they had never married again.

A meeting of Senators and Representatives from the Southern States was held at the Capitol on Thursday evening last, for the purpose of giving expression to public sentiment in the region recently afflicted by yellow fever toward the people of the North for their charity and assistance during the epidemic. A committee, composed of Messrs. E. John Ellis, of Louisiana; Senators Lamar, Harris and Garland, and Representatives Casey Young, of Tennessee; Jordan E. Cravens, of Arkansas; Van H. Manning, of Mississippi, and John Goode, of Virginia, reported a series of resolutions expressing the most grateful feeling toward the people of the North for their generous charity and kindness during the prevalence of the fever. Eloquent speeches were made by Senator Eustis, Representatives Young, Manning, Ellis, and others.

Beverly B. Douglas, a member of Congress from Virginia, died at the National Hotel in Washington, on Sunday morning, after a very brief but severe illness. He was a member of the Convention to amend the Constitution of the State in 1850; and for twelve years was a member of the State Senate.

The Government last week made a purchase of sixteen tons of silver, the metal coming principally from the mines of Utah and Colorado. Gold at par and silver by the ton give a prosperous aspect to things. We hope nothing may arise to cloud the prospect.

The tax levied for State purposes in 1857 was (12) twelve cents on the $100 of property, and 40 cents on the poll, including the levy for the Insane Asylum and to pay interest on the public debt. For 1878 we have no interest to pay on the public debt, and yet the levy for State purposes in this year is 38 cents on the $100, and $1.14 on the poll, considerably over three times as much. In 1857 cotton was 13 cents per pound, In 1878 cotton is down to 7½ cents per pound. In 1857 the general State taxes (exclusive of interest on public debt) were under $150,000. In 1878 the same taxes were over $500,000, being an increase of $350,000. The increase in county extravagance is fully as much, making $700,000 per annum drawn from an impoverished people more than was paid by a prosperous people. In 1857 the negroes paid a large proportion of the taxes. In 1878 the negroes pay little taxes and the burden is borne by the whites. Let us return to the economical taxes of twenty years ago, and this $700,000 left annually in the pockets of tax-payers will aid greatly to bring about a return of prosperity.

News.

Wishing to settle the bickerings and disputes that have existed among them, and which have militated against their prosperity, the Cherokee Indians have agreed to hold a general council at Quallatown, Jackson county, for the election of a chief and other officers on the 19th inst. They have large claims against the Government, we learn by the Asheville *Citizen*, which could be realized if they would stop quarrelling.

The Destruction of Sheep by Dogs --The Remedy.

[Asheville Journal.]

At a recent sale of farm stock near Charlotte, sheep were knocked down under the auctioneer's hammer at 25 cents per head. The reason assigned for the low intrinsic value thus placed upon one of the most useful animals among our farm stock—one that is almost indispensable to the comfort of man—is, that owing to the number of worthless dogs, sheep at any price is considered a precarious investment.

The assertion is only too true. Thousands of dollars are annually lost by enterprising farmers who are sanguine enough to risk this important branch of industry, and a general cry has gone up, year after year, from every quarter of the State, for legislative relief, but none has been granted. The number of dogs have increased and the number of sheep lessened.

Here, even this late in the season, the mountain slopes and hill sides are covered with verdure, but no sheep pasture thereon. You may travel for miles the highways and byways without seeing the beauty of the landscape enhanced by feeding bucks. Yet you seldom pass a cabin or third-rate farm house without being annoyed by worthless curs barking at your horses heels.

The trouble is, the dog-owners, who are generally a thriftless set, constitute an auxiliary in our elections that is not to be despised by a candidate for legislative honors. They divide their time hunting wild game and cultivating a small crop of corn, the product of which is barely sufficient to carry them through the winter. They rarely possess either cattle or hogs, and are content to lead a life similar to the frontiersmen—partly in the woods and partly at the plow.

For fear of estranging these men and thereby losing their votes, our legislators refuse to make a law for the protection of the wool-growing interests. On one or two occasions the subject has been mooted in the lower branch of the Legislature, but its discussion was soon silenced by the clamor of timid representatives, who saw trouble ahead if protection was taken from dogs and placed upon sheep.

Our Solons are afflicted in the same manner as the President—they need backbone. And it is earnestly hoped that the day is not distant when the places of such representatives from the mountain counties at least, will be filled by men who have the moral courage to do their duty.

State News.

Mr. Hubert Haywood, of this city, a son of Dr. E. Burke Haywood, who has for the past two years been attending lectures at Bellevue Hospital, New York, has had the notable honor of being chosen as valedictorian of his class. As this numbers some 500, the extent of the honor conferred may be imagined.—*Raleigh News.*

Mr. T. F. Adams, of Iredell, writes the *Piedmont Press* that he recently interviewed a convict who had just served out his time and expressed himself as being very well pleased with his treatment while in prison, and says he lived easier there than at home. Mr. A. wishes the attention of the public directed to the moral that can be drawn from the above statement.

Mildness conquers—and hence it is that the gentle yet positive influence of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup overcomes so quickly the disorders of babyhood.

There is in the town of Bush Hill, Randolph county, one large steam tannery, one dry goods store, one large steam sash and blind factory, one steam saw mill, besides a large school, and yet amongst the numerous inhabitants there is not one that drinks whiskey or swears.

Mr. S. G. Worth passed through Lenoir, Caldwell county, last Monday night, with 30,000 fish from the Swannanoa hatchery. They were placed in the Yadkin near Patterson.

Mr. Milton Webb, who resides in the vicinity of the Globe, Caldwell co., lost five children from diphtheria last week. Four of them died nearly at the same time and were buried in the same grave.

The blind staggers is quite prevalent in Stanly county among horses. Several have died with it in Allmans township.

The Poisoned Waters.

THEY APPROACH KEY WEST, DESTROYING FISH OF ALL KINDS.

[From the Key West Key.]

Our smack fishermen are nearly discouraged with their ill-luck. For over two months they have been unable to get live fish to Havana; they all die on reaching the putrid waters of the bay, which has now extended over one hundred and fifty miles into the Gulf of Mexico. The smack George Storrs, Capt. Zeb. Allen, attempted to run to the westward in hopes of escaping the deadly waters, and when fifty miles west of Tortugas, in twenty-five fathoms of water, lost his whole fare of fish in a very short time. He describes the poisoned water to the south and west of him, as far as he could see. The largest fish, such as shark, jew-fish and turtle were floating around his vessel. He pointed his vessel eastward, and entered our port on Tuesday last, almost disgusted.

On Saturday last the water had appeared near the northwest lighthouse, with its thousands of dead fish, floating like tufts of cotton over the sea. On Monday and Tuesday the water was dotted with dead Portuguese men-of-war, but not until Wednesday did the dead fish appear in sight. The stratus of dark reddish water passed through our island channels, carrying on its surface fish of all kinds—many of them of the largest specimens of sharks, jew-fish, barracouta, grouper, grunts, interpersed with a few kinds of the fresh water varieties, such as the mud eels, bull-head catfish, breem, perch, &c. The fresh water fish, eels, &c., are found in great abundance in Lake Okeechobee, Kissimmee river and Fish-Eating creek.

As the dead fish approach our wharves the stench became almost intolerable, and many plans were attempted and suggested to keep them in tide water.—Had this occurred in the heat of summer a plague must have followed. It is even yet feared. The fish are dying in our harbor, and no one knows where this great evil will stop. Our people are large fish eaters, and if deprived of this cheap class of food there must necessarily be much suffering.

"VEGETINE,"

WILL CURE RHEUMATISM.

MR. ALBERT CROOKER, the well known druggist and apothecary, of Springvale, Me., always advises every one troubled with Rheumatism to try VEGETINE.

Read his Statement:

SPRINGVALE, ME., Oct. 12, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—Fifteen years ago last fall I was taken sick with rheumatism, was unable to move until the next April. From that time until three years ago this fall, I suffered everything with rheumatism. Sometimes there would be weeks at a time that I could not step one step; these attacks were quite often. I suffered everything that a man could. Over three years ago last Spring I commenced taking VEGETINE and followed it up until I had taken seven bottles; have had no rheumatism since that time. I always advise every one that is troubled with rheumatism to try VEGETINE, and not suffer for years as I have done. This statement is gratuitous as far as Mr. Stevens is concerned, Yours, etc.,

ALBERT CROOKER,
Firm of A. Crooker & Co., Druggists and Apothecaries.

VEGETINE
HAS ENTIRELY CURED ME.

BOSTON, Oct. 1870.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—My daughter, after having a severe attack of Whooping Cough, was left in a feeble state of health. Being advised by a friend she tried the VEGETINE, and after using a few bottles was fully restored to health.

I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I have taken several bottles of the VEGETINE for this complaint, and am happy to say it has entirely cured me. I have recommended the VEGETINE to others with the same good results. It is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood; it is pleasant to take and I can cheerfully recommend it.

JAMES MORSE, 364 Athens Street.

Rheumatism is a Disease of the Blood.

The blood in this disease is found to contain an excess of fibrin. VEGETINE acts by converting the blood from its diseased condition to a healthy circulation. VEGETINE regulates the bowels which is very important in this complaint. One bottle of Vegetine will give relief; but, to effect a permanent cure, it must be taken regularly, and may take several bottles, especially in cases of long-standing. Vegetine is sold by all Druggists. Try it, and your verdict will be the same as that of thousands before you who say, "I never found so much relief as from the use of VEGETINE," which is composed exclusively of *Barks, Roots* and *Herbs.*

"VEGETINE" says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

VEGETINE.
NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

SOUTH SALEM, MASS., Nov. 14, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first rate, and still using the Vegetine. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to every body.

Yours truly,
MRS. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,
No. 16 Lagrange Street, South Salem, Mass.

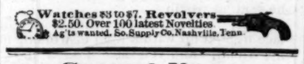
VEGETINE
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Salem, N. C., Dec. 10, 1878.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held in Salem, on Tuesday, the 14th day of January, 1879, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

W. A. LEMLY, *Cashier.*



General News.

The foreign imports into New York for the eleven months of 1878 are $280,591,819—or $125,000 less than they were for the same time in 1872, and $28,000,000 less than 1877. The exports for the same time were $334,681,747 an increase of nearly $38,000,000 over last year. The balance of trade is largely in favor of New York by over $54,000,000. The *Journal of Commerce* says "The balance of trade for the whole country will be two hundred and fifty-seven million dollars in our favor for the eleven months ending with November."

One of the Astor family has recently given to the Astor Library a book which brought 79,000 francs ($16,000) at an auction sale last summer in Paris. It is an early printed book, the first edition of the Catholicon of Joannes Balkus de Janna, dated 1450—a treatise on grammar and rhetoric and a Latin dictionary, the printing of which is attributed by Brune to Guttenberg.

Major Atwood, of the United States Army, stationed at San Antonio, Texas, was married in St. Louis recently to the daughter of Richard King, the "cattle king" of the West. The bride's father presented the groom with eighty thousand head of cattle.

As a consequence of the great depression in business, and as a result of the immense losses by the heavy bank failures in Scotland and England, we have accounts of great distress among the poorer class in different parts of Great Britain.

A Louisiana paper reports that there are now some fifty cases of leprosy in Laforche, in that State, all originating from one person, who, some twenty years ago, settled on the lower part of Bayou Lafourche. Legislative investigation is asked for.

A terrible story comes from Custer county, Nebraska, to the effect that two cattle thieves who had killed a herder were captured by a Sheriff's posse and then seized by a mob of masked men, tied to a tree and deliberately burned to death.

The total cotton spindles in the North are now estimated at 9,900,000, and in the South at 600,000, or a total of say 10,500,000. Of the 68,000,000 spindles employed in the manufacture of cotton in 1876 the United States had in round numbers 10,000,000, and Great Britain 40,000.

Baltimore, Md.—I have used Doctor Bull's Cough Syrup personally and in my family for two or three years, and am prepared to say that there is nothing to compare to it as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c.—James Corrie, Dentist.

The Fall of a California Giant.

A correspondent of the Troy *Times* writes—One and only one of these gigantic trees have ever been felled by the hand of man. In this work five men were employed twenty-two days, not chopping, but with long augurs boring it down. After the tree was completely severed, the veteran still stood refusing to fall; by ropes, pulleys and wedges the enormous trunk was brought to the earth. This tree was found to be over three hundred feet long, ninety-six feet in circumference at the base, and sound to the heart. It was said that after the surface of the stump was smoothed off, a Fourth of July party of thirty-two persons danced four sets of cotillions on it at once, leaving room at the same time for musicians and spectators. On this stump, and conforming exactly to its size, now stands a circular house of one room. In this room, and on top of the stump, you might place a minister with his desk, a chorister with his organ, and a congregation of one hundred persons. According to an estimate made by the lamented Bishop Kingsley, the floor of this house, which is the smoothed stump, contains room enough in square feet, for a parlor 12 by 16, a dining room 10 by 15, a kitchen 10 by 12, two bed-rooms each 10 feet square, a pantry 4 by 8 feet, two clothes presses each 4 feet wide and 1½ feet deep, and yet not use up all the area.

THE MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

PATTERSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

PRODUCE.

Wheat, $1.00 to $1.10; Old corn, 00 to 00; Corn, 50 to 00; Rye, 50 to 55; Oats, 30; Flaxseed, 85; Feathers, (new) 40; Butter 10 to 12½; Eggs, 12½; Beeswax, 22 to 24; Flour, $2 50 to $0 00; Meal, per lb., 1½c.; Pork, 5 to 6; Lard, 9 to 10; Peas, 50; Raw Cotton, 8; Wool, 30 a 35; Green Apples, 40 a 60; Chestnuts, $1.50; Tallow, 7.

STAPLE GOODS.

Sugars, Brown 8 to 9; White, 10 to 12; Coffees, Rio, 14 to 18; Extra Fancy, 20; Yarns, 85; Sheeting 6 to 7; Plaids, 8¾ to 0; Soda, 5; Kerosene Oil, per gallon, 18; Syrup, per gallon, 25; Salt, per sack, $1 10, $1 15, $1 25, $2 00.

The above represents wholesale prices. Retail prices are higher, except for salt.

Winston Tobacco Market.

REPORTED BY A. B. GORRELL
WINSTON, N. C., Dec. 17th, 1878.

Breaks have been quite full for the past week, with good demands for fine wrappers and all tobaccos of character.

NEW CROP.		
Lugs, Green	$1 00 to	$1 50
" Com	2 00 to	2 50
" Good Red	3 00 to	3 50
" Bright com	3 50 to	4 50
" " good	5 00 to	6 00
" " fine	7 00 to	10 00
" " fancy	12 00 to	15 00
Leaf Common	3 00 to	4 50
" Good	5 00 to	7 00
Bright thin leaf	8 00 to	15 00
Common Wrappers	8 50 to	10 00
Medium "	12 50 to	18 00
Fine "	20 00 to 40 00 to	60 00

as to color and quality.

CHARLOTTE, Dec. 27.—Flour $2 40 a $2 60. Wheat 90. Corn 45 a 50. Oats 35 a 40. Bacon 5½ a 6. Potatoes, 30 a 62.

FAYETTEVILLE, Dec. 27.—Bacon 7 a 10. Apple Brandy $2.25. Flour $4 75 a $5 25. Corn 70 a 72. Wheat 90 a $1 00. Lard, 9 a 10. Potatoes, 35 a 40. Whisky $2 00.

NEW YORK Dec. 30.—Flour 4 00 a 4 75. Wheat 90 a $1 00. Corn 46 a 47. Oats 27 a 28.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 30.—Wheat 95 a $1 07. Corn 42 a 46. Oats 27 a 31. Flour $2 75 a $3 50. Bacon, 3½ a 4½.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 30.—Wheat 87 a 96 Corn 31 a 32. Oats 22 a 25. Bacon 3a 4½.

PRICES REDUCED
—ON—
HOLIDAY GOODS
—AT THE—
SALEM BOOKSTORE.

FOR the next TEN DAYS a choice selection of Goods suitable for PRESENTS will be sold at a small advance on cost.

We return thanks to the public for their very liberal patronage during the past few weeks, and hope to see them again.

D. R. LEAK. T. A. WILSON.

WINSTON
MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS!

The undersigned respectfully announce that they have opened a first-class

MARBLE & GRANITE YARD.

Where they are prepared to furnish

MARBLE HEADSTONES, MONUMEMTS TOMBSTONES, MANTELS,

&c., &c., &c.

Granite Work for Building and Garve yard purposes. All Monuments and Tombs executed in the FINEST STYLE. None employed but

SKILLED WORKMEN.

Orders from a distance solicited and promptly filled at prices that cannot be undersold. Designs sent to any one on application, free of charge. Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for work. All work warranted. Address

LEAK & WILSON.
Winston, N. C., August, 1877.—no.30.

MARRIED LIFE **DR. BUTTS** No. 12 N. Eighth St. St. Louis, Mo.

Who has had greater experience in the treatment of the sexual troubles of both male and female than any physician in the West, gives the results of his long and successful practice in his two new works, just published, entitled

The PHYSIOLOGY of MARRIAGE
The PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER

Books that are really Guides and Self-Instructors in all matters pertaining to Manhood and Womanhood, and supply a want long felt. They are beautifully Illustrated, and in plain language, easily understood. The two books embrace 640 pages, and contain valuable information for both married and single, with all the recent improvements in medical treatment.

Read what our home papers say: "The knowledge imparted in Dr. Butts' new works is in no way of questionable character, but is something that every one should know. The Youth, the victim of early indiscretion; the Man, otherwise perfectly healthy maybe, but with waning vigor in the prime of life, and the Woman, in misery from the many ills her sex is heir to."—St. Louis Journal.

POPULAR PRICES—60 cts. each; both in one volume, $1; in cloth and gilt, 25 cts. extra. Sent under seal, on receipt of price in money or stamps

SINGLE LIFE

THOS. R PURNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
RALEIGH, N. C.

Will attend to business in the State and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of the State.

HOLIDAY GOODS
AT THE
Salem Book Store.

THANKFUL for the liberal patronage heretofore received, we take pleasure in announcing that our stock of

HOLIDAY GOODS,

this season, has been carefully selected, and embraces a variety of useful and ornamental articles which are offered at prices to suit the times, consisting of

GIFT BOOKS,

(PROSE AND POETRY,)

FAMILY BIBLES, POCKET BIBLES,
PRAYERS and HYMNALS,
HYMN BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S BOOKS in great variety.
WRITING DESKS, WORK BOXES,
WALL and WORK BASKETS,
PAPETERIES, all prices and styles.
PAPER KNIVES, fine and common.
ALBUMS, Photo and Autograph,
HANDKERCHIEF and GLOVE BOXES,
DIARIES, PORTMONAIS & PURSES,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

We will use our best endeavors to please all who may favor us with a call,

Very respectfully,
L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Dec. 1, 1878.	No. 2 Daily.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 8. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	3 20 a m	6 55 p m	.....
" Salisbury	5 34 a m	9 10 p m	.....
" High Point	7 00 a m	10 39 p m	.....
Arrive Greensboro	7 25 a m	11 18 p m	.....
Leave Greensboro	8 00 a m	.....	4 15 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	10 16 a m	.....	8 57 p m
" Durham	10 56 a m	.....	10 24 p m
" Raleigh	13 15 p m	.....	1 10 a m
Leave "	3 30 p m	5 45 a m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	5 55 p m	9 55 a m	.....

No. 2—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina, daily except Sunday. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro, with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 4—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Dec. 1, 1878.	No. 1. Daily.	No. 3. Daily.	No. 7. Daily. ex. Sun.
Leave Goldsboro	10 10 a m	6 30 p m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 40 p m	10 20 p m	.....
Leave "	4 10 p m	.....	6 45 a m
Arrive Durham	5 38 p m	.....	8 06 a m
" Hillsboro	6 17 p m	.....	11 00 a m
" Greensboro	8 35 p m	.....	3 30 p m
Leave "	8 53 p m	6 47 a m	.....
Arrive High Point	9 28 p m	7 25 a m	.....
" Salisbury	10 56 p m	9 01 a m	.....
" Charlotte	1 00 a m	10 50 a m	.....

No. 1—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. daily except Sunday, for all points in Western North Carolina. At AirLine Junction with A. & C. A. L. R. R. for all points South and South-east

No. 3—Connects at Air Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. R. R. for all points South and Southeast; at Charlotte with C., C. & A. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily except Sunday			3 10 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	10 20 p m
Arrive Salem	"	"	11 10 p m
Leave Salem	"	"	6 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	6 40 p m
Arrive Greensboro	"	"	8 00 p m

Connecting at Greensboro with Trains on R. & D. and N. C. Railroads.

Sleep'g Cars Without Change,

Run both ways with Trains (Nos. 1 and 2) between New York and Atlanta via Richmond, Greensboro and Charlotte, and both ways on Trains Nos. 3 and 4 between New York and Savannah via Richmond, Charlotte and Augusta.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South, South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Arkansas and Texas, address

J. R. MACMURDO,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Richmond, Va.

NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrators on the estate of Israel G. Lash, on the 1st day of May, 1878, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and settlement. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them for payment within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

THOS. B. LASH, W. A. LASH, W. A. LEMLY, } *Administrators of Israel G. Lash.*

May 16, 1878-tf.

FOR SALE.

ONE BUREAU, ONE BOOKCASE, ONE WARDROBE, ONE STOVE.

Can be seen at the residence of Mr. C. L. Rights. Terms made known on applying to Mr. T. F. Crist.

SOMETHING NICE
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS!

F. W MELLER,
CONFECTIONER AND BAKER,
AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Toys & Fancy Goods,

HAS just returned from the North, where he purchased, at greatly reduced prices, a large stock of goods in his line, which he will be able to sell cheaper than any such goods have been sold heretofore.

The TOYS have been selected with great care, and of the latest designs, and being amusing and instructive, are just what you want to gladden the hearts of the little ones.

The CONFECTIONERIES are of the choicest kinds and consist of everything kept in a first-class house.

Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to me in the past I cordfally invite you to call on me in the future at my Old Stand on Main Street, near the Post Office, Salem, N. C. F. W. MELLER.

Floral Autograph Album.

A new and beautiful album, richly illustrated with choice Wreaths and Bouquets of Flowers. The most elegant Birthday Present ever offered at

BLUM'S BOOKSTORE

WANTED!

A BLACKSMITH, immediately. Apply to the undersigned. W. F. SWAIM.
Farmington, Davie co., N. C. tf. Oct, 3,

SEMPER PARATUS.

PATTERSON & CO.
OF SALEM,

KEEP IN STOCK AND OFFER AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, A

Fine & Varied Assortment of Dress Goods,

BLEACHED MUSLINS, Choice Styles New FALL PRINTS, NOTIONS, and FANCY GOODS, including Hosiery, Buttons, Threads, Gloves, Toilet Soaps, &c. Looking Glasses of different sizes, Umbrellas at all prices. Choice COFFEES and SUGARS.

OIL CLOTHS, Floor and Table, Daily expected. A fine lot of LADIES' VEILS. Gentlemen's Saxony and Nutria HATS. TOILET and LAUNDRY SOAPS.

A. T. Stewart & Co's Superior CASHMERES and ALPACAS. Our Agency for CARPETS continues, and we can offer all styles at from 10 to 15 percent less than last winter sprices. Goods delivered promptly in Winston and Salem, and mailable packages sent to the country, free of charge,

AUGUST 8th, 1878.

HINSHAW & CO., AGENTS,

OPPOSITE PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE.
WINSTON, N. C.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GRASS SEEDS, FERTILIZERS & DRIED FRUITS.

RECEIVE NEW GOODS NEARLY EVERY DAY, AND ALL THEIR ROOMS are kept filled with well selected Goods which they sell at **BOTTOM PRICES.**

They invite their customers and public generally, to call and examine for themselves They have a

MOST VARIED AND COMPLETE STOCK,

and one of

THE LARGEST IN TOWN,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

500 PIECES PRINTS, ASSORTED;
Best Stock of Black Alpacas in Winston

COTTON YARNS, SHEETINGS, PLAIDS, GINGHAMS, DRILLING, LINSEYS, WORSTED DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, CASSIMERS, ERIES' JEANS, CLOTHS, JEANS, LINENS, COTTINETTS, SKIRTS, GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' MERINO UNDERWEAR and BLANKETS. A FULL LINE OF NOTIONS, MEN'S GLOVES, HATS, HARDWARE, NAILS, WHITE LEAD, (cheap) OILS, VARNISHES, HORSE AND MULE SHOES, AXES, ROPE, GLASS, PUTTY, WOODENWARE, DRUGS, CANNED GOODS, OYSTERS, CRACKERS, GROCERIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FINE AND COMMON SYRUP, MEAT, LARD, COFFEE, SUGAR, &c. 500 SACKS COARSE AND FINE SALT. 2,000 POUNDS OF SOLE LEATHER, 2,000 PAIRS BOOTS AND SHOES OF EVERY GRADE. CALL AND SEE THEM.

We keep a full line of SHOES FOR LADIES AND MISSES, made at Winchester, Va., every pair of which we warrant. We also have a very large stock of all grades of other shoes.

DRIED FRUITS AND ALL COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR MERCHANDISE.

Our facilities for handling Goods and Produce are not surpassed by any house, here or elsewhere, in this country, and we at all time pay full market price for all saleable produce. All our prices are based on Cash.—We do this believing it to be the fairest way for both seller and buyer.

ALLISON & ADDISON'S
"STAR BRAND"

COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO AND WHEAT.

Is the cheapest Fertilizer, according to grade, on the market, and has given almost universal satisfaction. Standard guaranteed. We refer to 300 farmers in this and adjoining counties, who have been and are using it. We also keep fresh ground PLASTER and No. 1 PERUVIAN GUANO.

ALL OUR SEEDS ARE FIRST CLASS,

and are from the well known Seedsmen of Richmond, Va., Allison & Addison. We now have in stock both at wholesale and retail, in any quantities, Clover Seed, Orchard Grass Seed, Herd's Grass Seed, Timothy Seed, Blue Grass Seed, German Millet Seed, and other varieties of Seeds.

ISAAC H. NELSON, of Stokes County,
NEWTON H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth County,
JOHN W. MILLER, of Davidson County,

are with us and invite their friends to come and see them. They offer to the trade inducements unsurpassed by any house here. Respectfully,

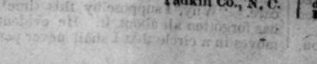
HINSHAW & CO., Agents.

Winston, Aug. 8th, 1878.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY!

Z. G. HEGE, OF SALEM, N. C. | M. B. BITTING, OF BETHLEHEM, PA.

SIEWERS'
OLD FURNITURE & COFFIN SHOP AGAIN OPENED.



THE WINSTON FURNITURE AND COFFIN COMPANY have rented J. D. SIEWERS' CABINET SHOP and all the machinery, where they intend to keep on hand and make to order, all kinds of FURNITURE and COFFINS. They have the most competent mechanics in their employment, and are able to do any kind of jobs ordered from them.

All kinds of REPAIRING, UPHOLSTERING, SAW FILING, &c., done in the most thorough and skillful manner.

Z. G. Hege will be glad to see all his old friends, in town and country, at any time.

A full supply of COFFINS, all sizes, always on hand.

Call at the Shop opposite Piedmont Warehouse, Winston, N. C., and at J. D. Siewers' Old Stand, Salem, N. C. Address,

WINSTON FURNITURE & COFFIN CO.
Winston and Salem, Sept. 5, 1878. 1y.

GREAT REDUCTION
IN PRICES.

The withdrawal of J. H. SAILOR from the firm of CRAFT & SAILOR has caused the firm to offer their VERY LARGE

NURSERY STOCK

at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. All persons in want of Fruit Trees, Plants, &c., should write at once for

SPECIAL PRICES.

The finest and largest stock ever offered. Notes and accounts must be settled at once.

CRAFT & SAILOR.

THE NURSERY BUSINESS will henceforth be carried on, in all its branches, at the GROUNDS now occupied with stock, by the undersigned, who has become sole Proprietor of THE CEDAR COVE NURSERY,

N. W. CRAFT,
RED PLAINS,
Yadkin Co., N. C.

CARPETS, CARPETS,
CARPETS.

THE people of this vicinity have long felt the necessity of having a larger and better assortment of Carpets to select from has ever been kept in the place before. *I want is now fully supplied.* We have secure the exclusive use of

Richardson's Carpet Exhibitor,

A WONDERFUL INVENTION for showing Carpets; a brief description of the use of which we give below.

With the use of the CARPET EXHIBITOR, we show from a Sample just how the Carpet looks on a very large room, multiplying the Sample a thousand times, matched and shown as perfect as when the carpet is made up and nailed upon the floor. In this way we are now prepared to show you a

NEW YORK WHOLESALE STOCK.

We have made special arrangements with one of the *Largest Houses* in New York, to fill all our orders for Carpets, and will show you a larger assortment to select from than has ever been kept outside of a wholesale house,

We keep samples of all

NEW AND DESIRABLE PATTERNS.

which *are not kept in stock* outside of large cities. This way of buying Carpets has now *become popular*, and we show what you would otherwise have to go to New York to find. We can sell as cheap for *cash* as you can buy for *cash* in New York, and there being no remnants to take off the profits, we are enabled to sell on a very small commission, and most respectfully invite the public to examine our stock, and satisfy themselves.

IF YOU WANT A CARPET

of any dimensions, bring a correct measure of your room and we guarantee to suit you

Please call and see us, whether you wish to buy or not, as it is no trouble to show goods.

PATTERSON & CO.,
CARPETS, DRY GOODS and GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
Main Street, Salem, N. C.

PRESCRIPTION FREE!
For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address, Dr. W. HAGUE & Co. 120 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O.

The People's Press.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 4.45, p. m. Due every day, except Sunday, by 10:50 p. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Dalton, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek. Closes every day except Sunday, at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 6, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton and Walnut Cove. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 5, p. m.

HUNTSVILLE, via Lewisville and Panther Creek. Closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30, a. m. Due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdayby 10, a. m.

RICHMOND HILL, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend. Closes Monday and Friday at 6:30 a. m. Due Tuesday and Saturday by 2, p. m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Advance and Elbaville, closes every Friday, at 6:30, A. M. Due every Saturday, by 8, A. M.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

LOCAL ITEMS.

SALEM'S SUNDAY SCHOOL Entertainment in the Church, Christmas night, drew a very crowded house. The recitations, songs and chorus, of course all very appropriate to the occasion, were exceedingly well given, reflecting much credit on all parties interested in the performance. General satisfaction was given to the large audience. A repetition took place next evening, but snow falling towards night, prevented many from attending.

ELM STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL spent a portion of Christmas day in giving to a crowded house a gratifying entertainment. The singing and recitative selections were excellent and rendered in good taste. The Chapel of Moravian Church had a liberal share of neatly arranged evergreens and everybody was pleased with the occasion. Presents of cakes, candy, and articles of use were given the scholars, who seemed to greatly appreciate this token of esteem from kind friends and teachers.

THE days are growing longer.

A PROSPEROUS New Year to all.

JUDGE CLOUD has gone to Florida.

MAJORITY of the schools open Monday.

WE issue earlier again this week for a New Year's holiday.

Rev. Dr. MAYS held service in the Baptist Church Sunday night.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS time of meeting Monday.

11 PRISONERS board with J. Masten, the new jailor.

OUR second slight snow fell 2nd Christmas day.

S. MERRILL and family have returned to Raleigh.

THERMOMETERS ranged from 10 to 12 degrees Saturday morning.

WE learn Rev. Thomas Long lost two horses by blind staggers, last week.

WINSTON'S Military paraded their town in full dress Wednesday afternoon.

SPRINKLING the icy pavements with saw dust is a very good idea these days.

Misses C. MINUNG and M. MINUNG spend the holidays at home.

THE newly appointed fire inspectors have made their rounds.

SKATING was much indulged in the past week on the adjacent ice ponds.

HOLIDAY GOODS are offered at greatly reduced prices at the Salem Bookstore. Read the ad.

WE have had a "white Christmas," and, according to a familiar prophecy, a "green Easter" invariably follows.

ANOTHER year has been added to the existence of our paper, and the PRESS with this issue enters upon its 27th vol.

THE Week of Prayer, with nightly service, commences in the Moravian Church Sunday evening.

THE mountains, visible from several points near town, show quite plainly their white mantle of snow.

"CASH CORNER" furnished amusement in abundance to fond gazers on fisti-cuffs and wool-pulling, Christmas day. A number were arrested and fined.

THURSDAY, January 2nd, at 7 p. m., the Young Men's Missionary Society are to meet. A FULL attendance is very desirable.

THE Good Templar Dramatic performance, owing to unfavorable weather, was postponed till Thursday evening of this week.

OCCASIONALLY we see a street lamp burning in the early morn, forgotten by Ruff, we suppose, on his extinguishing round.

DIED, in Winston, on the 28th ult., CHARLES O., son of Elijah and Vandelia Hasten, aged 8 months and 10 days.

MRS. MALTHANER has returned to Bethlehem, Pa., her home.

BYRON SPAUGH is visiting the same place.

2ND CHRISTMAS DAY the shooting match came off at the Quarter as announced. Several fun loving, from town, attended, and a number glory in their ronsts.

E. GRAY accidentally shot himself in the leg, at the depot, Wednesday morning, firing Christmas salutes. The wound is not a dangerous one.

A LETTER unstamped with the address of Mary Reude, Hope, Bartholomew County, Indiana, is held at the Postoffice,

FESTIVALS were held by the colored people in Hinshaw's Hall, Wednesday and Thursday evenings for benefit of J. H. Crump, a blind negro, and their church.

ANDERSON THORPE, Esq., an aged citizen of this county, a few mornings since, fell, while walking from his bed to the fire and sustained it is feared, serious injury.

A LIVE SNAKE was killed in the town limits a couple of weeks since, undoubtedly tempted to venture forth and bask in pleasant sunshine, before the given time.

ALL the stores were closed, Christmas day. In Winston, on the 26th, the boys made a tour of the town and asked a suspension of business, the proprietors willingly complying.

THE band wagon, filled with generous hearted citizens visited the county alms house, Thursday, carrying with them abundance of Christmas cheer to the unfortunate poor.

Miss MARY MCCORN, a teacher of Salem Female Academy has departed for Bethlehem, Pa., where her sister, a sole relative, resides, and will probably make that place her permanent home.

FORSYTH AHEAD.—Philip Reed killed his mammoth hog a few days since, his net weight being 854 pounds. This immense porker finds no equal in the 1878 butcherings.

CHAS. BUFORD and lady have returned from their bridal tour and spent the Christmas holidays at the Zevely homestead, the bride's former home. They are now at home at the Merchant's Hotel, Winston.

THANKS to W. F. White, for a copy of his neatly executed Carrier's Address to the patrons and friends of the Winston *Sentinel*. Bob, of the *Republican*, had one too, but our promised copy has not yet been seen.

THE Double Quartette Club spent Friday evening at Mr. T. Crist's residence, very pleasantly, an oyster supper being given Prof. Agthe, in token of appreciation for his kindly tendered services to the Club.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS always please the little folks, and likewise the grown folks. So go to Allen's Hardware Store, where you will find something to suit both old and young. Remember the sign of the Red Stove with Plow on it.

JOHN MOORE, col., who mal-treated J. Nading, in Winston, recently, was captured in Greensboro, and in charge of Tom, brought up and committed to jail Wednesday morning. The prisoner was tried before the Mayor and bound over to February term of Inferior Court.

THE festival for Oxford Orphan Asylum, Friday evening, at Tise's Hall, derived a gross proceed we are told, of $80. The expenses were small, as a greater portion of the good things were kindly donated by members of the Masonic fraternity.

SERVICES.—New Year's service commenced [Tuesday] evening at 8 p. m., in the Moravian Church with preaching, and at half-past eleven, "watch-meeting." On New Year's day service at 10 a. m., and reading of the memorabelia at 7 o'clock in the evening.

AN Oyster Supper with a cake and coffee table at the Vogler Store building to-night, 31st. A pleasant place to while away the time between services at the Church. The benefits are for the Literary Society and the members cordially invite all to attend.

ACCIDENT.—A son of Eph. Reich, living in this county, was engaged popping fire-crackers on Christmas morning, when a vial of powder fell from his pocket into the fire over which he was leaning and exploded, severely burning and otherwise injuring the lad.

THE shooting match for turkeys, with wheelbarrow rolling combined, filled the bill for many, Saturday afternoon. 5 turkeys were shot for and the lucky marksmen, were, J. Blickenderfer, J. W. Wimmer, jr., Frank Mickle, H. L. Shore, and Johnny Stevens. For the 6th bird a rolling was gotten up and H. N. Ackerman was the champion trundler.

FIRE-CRACKERS were exploded in Winston during the holidays by a special permit. Our boys had to content themselves with a more quiet display of fun, and only occasionally did the popping of a stray cracker serve to amuse the rising generation and annoy Charley.

SERENADE.—The boys gave Uncle Jeff Fisher a serenade, Thursday night, cow bells, tin horns, and other musical instruments, not very harmonious in sound, being in vogue. Uncle Jeff took unto himself a wife, Wednesday—and you know boys will be boys,—and the serenade was a jolly affair.

SUCCESSFUL HUNT.—Messrs. Poulson and C. Thomas were out hunting Monday, and returned with 4 wild turkeys shot in the Friedland neighborhood.—Both of these gentlemen are crack sportsmen and find game where seemingly others cannot. What a New Year's dinner there will be at the Salem Hotel.

FOR the very liberal patronage extended me during the year just closed, I return to my numerous friends and customers my heartfelt thanks, and hope that the new year which they now enter may be one of happiness and prosperity to them. Respectfully,

S. H. SMITH.

Winston, N. C., Jan. 1, 1879.

CHRISTMAS was a bright and happy day. As noticed in our Holiday Greeting, skating formed one of the most exhilerating amusement during the holidays. Altogether the Christmas of '78 will be remembered with pleasure. Ice, snow, and sleet during the festal days, but just enough to make it enjoyable to all.

SHOULD any one be somewhat sceptical as to whether there was still some life left in our old land, he will have his doubts removed as soon as the announcement goeth forth that ice of sufficient thickness has been formed upon the neighboring ponds to warrant removal to the ice-houses. Then mounting in hot haste, may be seen the owners of ice-houses scouring the country to secure additional teams for the transport.

At midnight the details of axe-men and experts are sent out to cut and bring the ice to land, and with the first streak of dawn the wagons commence rattling over the stony streets and frozen ground to bring this summer luxury to its destination. The roar and rumble while they last, are strikingly in contrast with the usual quietness of the mid-winter season. A full crop under favorable circumstances, will be housed.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.—We are fully satisfied that the subjoined statement of the respective ages of a well known family in Forsyth, will excel any similar record in the State. The figures were furnished us by A. Butner, Esq., proprietor of the well known old Salem Hotel. The exhibit of the ages of this notably long-lived family is as follows:

The household comprised the parents, Adam Butner and wife, and their children, 10 in number, the respective names and ages of 7 of the latter of whom are as follows: Christian, 88 years, 2 months and 5 days. Henry Harmon, 86 years, 2 months and 14 days; Daniel, 81 years, 9 months and 10 days; Adam, 78 years, 1 month; Anna Elizabeth, 74 years, 7 months; Jacob, 72 years, 1 month and 12 days; John, 69 years, 9 months and 6 days, aggregating a total of 550 years, 2 months and 17 days, and an average age of 78 4-7 years.

This well known family was born and have lived (the greater portion of them) on Forsyth all their days, and with the exception of the younger, they have thus exceeded the allotted age of three score and ten, and he, from present appearances, bids fair to reach and pass the limit assigned. Several have removed to the West, where, as with us, they are among the most respected and highly esteemed citizens.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

A Remarkable Result.

It makes no difference how many Physicians, or how much medicine you have tried, it is now an established fact that German Syrup is the only remedy which has given complete satisfaction in severe cases of Lung Diseases. It is true there are yet thousands of persons who are predisposed to Throat and Lung Affections, Consumption, Hemorrhages, Asthma, Severe Colds settled on the Breast, Pneumonia, Whooping Cough, &c., who have no personal knowledge of Boschee's German Syrup. To such we would say that 50,000 dozen were sold last year without one complaint. Consumptives try just one bottle. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists in America.

MARRIED.

In this place, on the 25th ult., Mr. JEFFERSON FISHER to Miss MATTIE DILLON.

In the Moravian Church, at Hope, Ind., Dec. 26th, by the bride's father, Rev. F. R. Holland, Mr. FRANKLIN S. THRAPP, of Tallula, Ills., to Miss ANNA P. HOLLAND, of Hope.

On December 26th, at the residence of Wm. Snider, by Rev. Jacob C. Patterson, Mr. JULIUS C. SWAIM to Miss JULIET C. MOCK,—all of Forsyth county.

DIED.

In Winston, on Sunday evening, Mr. GEORGE W. NORWOOD, aged about 55 years, from paralysis, having been a sufferer only a few days. Mr. NORWOOD was a prominent citizen of Winston, has figured largely in the tobacco interests, and leaves a large number of relatives and friends to mourn his demise.

New Advertisements.

A GREAT OFFER FOR HOLIDAYS!!!

We will during the HOLIDAYS *dispose of* **100** PIANOS & ORGANS, at EXTRAORDINARY LOW prices for cash. SPLENDID ORGANS 2 3-5 sets of reeds $65, 3 sets with Sub Base and Coupler $80, 2 scts $50, 1 set $40, 1 set $35. 7 Octave *all* ROSEWOOD PIANOS $130, 7 1-3 do $140, warranted for SIX years. AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. Music at half price. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 E. 14th St., N. Y.

EMINENT DR. H. R. WALTON
Annapolis, Md., Writes:

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AN ATTRACTIVE AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK
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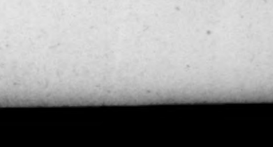
INSURES ALL 

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PRICES much reduced and quality of goods unsurpassed.
PATTERSON & CO.
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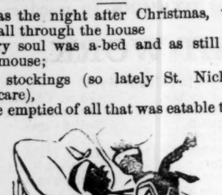
THE NIGHT "AFTER" CHRISTMAS.

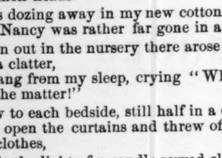
A COMPANION POEM TO "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house
Every soul was a-bed and as still as a mouse;
The stockings (so lately St. Nicholas' care),
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.

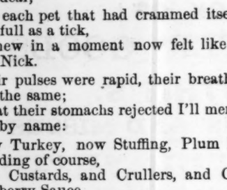
The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,
With very full stomachs and pains in their heads.
I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap.
When out in the nursery there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying "What is the matter!"
I flew to each bedside, still half in a doze,
Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes,
While the light of a candle served clearly to show
The piteous plight of the objects below;
For what to the father's fond eye should appear,
But the little pale face of each sick little dear,
For each pet that had crammed itself as full as a tick,
I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same;
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name:
Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding of course,
And Custards, and Crullers, and Cranberry Sauce.



Before outraged Nature all went to the wall,
Yes, Lollypops, Flapdoodle, dinner and all.
Like pellets which urchins from pop-guns let fly,
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jams, jelly and pie,
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of mamma and Santa Claus too.



I turned from the sight, to my bed-room stepped back.
And brought out a vial marked "Pure Ipecac,"
When my Nancy exclaimed, for their sufferings shocked her,
"Don't you think you had better, love, go for the doctor?"



I went and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old "Jalap's" hoof;
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the doctor came into the room with a bound.
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was his very best suit;
He hardly had time to put *that* on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
His cheeks looked like *Port* and his breath smelt like *Sherry;*
He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And his beard nor his skin wasn't as "white as the snow;"
But inspecting their tongues in spite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,

He felt each pulse, saying, "Each little belly
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."
I gazed on each, chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned, when he said so, in spite of myself;
But a wink of his eye, when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe, but he went straight to his work,
And dosed all the rest, gave his trousers a jerk,
And adding directions while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig, gave old "Jalap" a whistle,
And "Jalap" dashed of as though pricked by a thistle;

But the doctor exclaimed as he drove out of sight,
"They'll be all well to-morrow—Good night, Jones! Good night!"

Domestic.

Useful and Ornamental.

FOOT REST.-Take a tobacco drum, the kind that smoking tobacco comes in; get one as high as you can; pad the cover; put plainly over the top and sides a cover of cretonne, damask, rep or chintz; tack this down smoothly with tiny tacks; then put a pleating of the goods or of wide gimp around the edge of the cover, and around the bottom where the hoop comes; put a tassel on each side and you have an odd and beautiful foot rest, just the right height for your feet when you are weary. This is not only an ornament to the room, but makes a fine place in which to store things. I keep my furs in mine and they are secure from the moths in the summer season. Another nice foot-rest is to take one of the small camp-stools (you can buy one for seventy-five cents), covered with ticking for the seat; over this tack some pretty material, or let the ends of the material droop over each side, and on the ends put some heavy upholstering fringe. This is decidedly pretty if covered with red plush and scarlet and gold fringe is used. The whole need not cost over $3. A chair can be made to match by buying the East-lake frame (price $1) and covering in the same way both back and seat. This makes a very comfortable sewing chair for one's home room.

SOFA PILLOWS.—Take a square of rep (mine is green) and sew in the centre a large piece of Penelope canvas; darn in this your initial with gold filling silk. Use eight of the fine squares, and use the triple cross stitch in order to have the initial large enough; or, instead of taking fine canvas, use the very coarse, and then cross the stitches over only one square, the same as on Java canvas. When the initial is finished, pull out the canvas and you will have a beautiful letter on the rep (I make my stove-holders in the same way); then I put two rows of (two-inch) wide gold and green gimp around the outside of the initial, and one on the edge of the lining (so as not to show the lining from the outside); then put two green and gold tassels on each corner. My sofa pillow is the admiration of all who see it.

VELVET PICTURES.—For an odd picture take pictures of a statuary or a fine head, cut it out from the back ground and paste it on dark maroon or black velvet and then stretch the velvet into a frame the same as for an oil painting or chromo. I took the steel engraving of the head of Saint Maria and put it on wine-colored velvet; also, arranged dark ferns and autumn leaves on velvet in the same way. I pasted them on the velvet with the white of an egg, and put no glass over them, as glass spoils the effect of these velvet pictures. A photograph of the bust of Clytie is much improved framed in this way.

Table Recipes.

GEMS.—One pint milk, two eggs, one pinch salt; flour enough to make a good batter; bake in little pans in hot oven.

MATRIMONIES.—Three eggs, well beaten, a little salt, flour enough to mix hard; roll thin as paper; cut into fingers and give them a twist. Fry in hot lard, hotter than for common fried cakes.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup molasses, half cup shortening, one cup of hot water (in winter), three cups flour, little ginger, an even teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little water, and then beat into the molasses.

SILVER CAKE.—Cream together one cup granulated sugar and half cup butter, add half cup sweet milk, half cup corn starch. one cup flour, the beaten whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda mixed with flour and flavor with lemon or rose.

LEMON TARTS.—Grate two whole lemons, add two cups sugar, three well beaten eggs, piece of butter half the size of an egg. Mix the ingredients thoroughly and place over the fire, stirring till it boils up and then set away to cool. This will keep all winter and can be used for tarts any time by making nice crust.

RED PEPPER CATSUP.—Cut up ripe peppers and place them in a preserving kettle until it is full; then cover with the best cider vinegar and boil until the peppers have dropped to pieces. After removing from the fire, as soon as the sauce is cool enough, rub it through a wire sieve. It is much better without salt or any other condiments, and is of a beautiful scarlet color, and so thick that it must be put up for use in large-mouthed bottles or jars, and will keep fresh for years. It should boil slowly for at least four hours.

COLD-SLAW.—Beat two eggs ten minutes, and add two gills of vinegar and a little mustard; stir until it boils, when it will be thick like custard; cut the cabbage fine, just before dinner, and throw a little salt over it; add to the cold sauce a gill of milk; mix it, and pour it over the cabbage, which should be in the dish in which it is to be served. The cabbage should not lay long after it is cut, as it wilts.

OAT-MEAL PREPARATION. — Oatmeal is very nice prepared the following way: Put a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut and a teaspoonful of salt in three pints of boiling water, then add one-half pint of oat-meal; for ten minutes let it boil fast, stirring frequently, then place it over a saucepan of boiling water, to continue cooking slowly for about half an hour. When over the water it will only need stirring occasionally.

RECIPE FOR CURING MEAT.—Major Freas thinks that if the following recipe be strictly followed, it will require but a single trial to prove its superiority over the common or most ways of "putting down" meat: To one gallon of water, take 1½ lb. of salt, ½ lb. of sugar, ½ ounce of saltpeter, and ½ ounce of potash.

In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over the beef or pork. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpeter, which removes all the surface-blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. The meat is unsurpassed for sweetness delicacy and freshness of color.

Scientific.

Climatic Changes.—Various theories have been propounded to account for the great climatic changes which have taken place on the earth at immense intervals. Dr. Croll, a high authority on the subject, gives this explanation: "When the eccentricity of the earth's orbit is at a high value and the northern winter solstice is in perihelion, agencies are brought into operation which make the southeast trade winds stronger than the northeast, and compel them to blow over upon the northern hemisphere as far probably as the Tropic of Cancer. The result is that all the great equatorial waters of the ocean are impelled into the northern hemisphere, which thus, in consequence of the immense accumulation of warm water, has its temperature raised, and snow and ice to a great extent must then disappear from the Arctic regions. When the procession of the equinoxes brings round the winter solstice to aphelion, the condition of things on the two hemispheres is reversed, and the northeast trades then blow over upon the southern hemisphere, carrying the great equatorial currents along with them. The warm water being thus wholly withdrawn from the Northern hemisphere, its temperature sinks enormously, and snow and ice begin to accumulate in temperate regions. The amount of precipitation in the form of snow in temperate regions is at the same time enormously increased by the excess of evaporation in low latitudes, resulting from the nearness of the sun in perihelion during summer. The final result, therefore, is that those warm and cold periods which have alternately prevailed during past ages are simply the great secular summers and winters of our globe, depending as truly as the annual ones do upon planetary motions, and like them also fulfilling some important ends in the economy of nature."

Raft-decked River Steamers.—The Princess Alice disaster has elicited from Mr. R. F. Fairlie a suggestion that river steamers should be so built that the deck should be complete in itself, and capable of floating like a raft, even with a considerable weight of passengers, and that it should be secured to the hull by a fastening of a temporary character, which could readily be withdrawn in time of danger, leaving the hull free to sink alone, while the deck would be left upon the surface. Explaining how he would accomplish his ends, he says a simple way of fastening the deck to the hull would be by eyes descending from the under surface of the deck, and passing through slots in angle irons, which should form part of the sides and of the upper surface of the hull. Each of these eyes should receive a 1¼ inch pin, and all the pins should be connected to a chain, or to levers worked by a chain, which should itself be carried to a wheel placed immediately astern of the steering wheel. It would then be easy for the steersman, on an alarm being given, to withdraw the whole of the pins by a single movement.

Human Life on Mars.—Prof. Lockyear is of the opinion that human life on the planet Mars might be very much like human life on the earth—the light cannot be so bright but the organs of sight may be so much more susceptible as to make the vision quite as good; the heat is probably less, as the polar snows certainly extend further, but by no means less in proportion to the lessened power of the solar rays. He agrees with others that several very remarkable seas—including inland seas, some of them connected, and some not connected by straits with still larger seas—are now definable in the southern hemisphere, in which, as is the case also with the earth, water seems to be much more widely spread than in the northern hemisphere. There is, for example, a southern sea, exceedingly like the Baltic in shape; and there is another and still more remarkable sea now defined by the observations of many astronomers—one near the equator, a long, straggling arm, twisting almost in the shape of an S laid on its back from east to west, which is at least a thousand miles in length and a hundred in breadth.

Siehr recommends very highly the use of sawdust in mortar, as superior even to hair for the prevention of cracking and subsequent peeling off, of rough casing under the action of storms and frost. His own house, exposed to prolonged storms on the seacoast, had pieces of mortar to be renewed each spring; and, after trying without effect a number of substances to prevent it, he found sawdust perfectly satisfactory. It was first thoroughly dried, and sifted through an ordinary grain sieve, to remove the larger particles. The mortar was made by mixing one part of cement, two of lime, two of sawdust and five of sharp sand, the sawdust being first well mixed dry with the cement and sand.—*Am. Builder.*

Mahogany, heretofore the chief source of wealth in British Honduras, was during 1876 of so little value as not to repay the expense of cutting, and never probably since the occupation of the colony, with the solitary exception of the year 1870, was so little of this wood got out. Of logwood, on the other hand, owing to the exceptionally high prices of 1875, more was sent home during 1876 than in any year since 1864.—*Timber Trades Journal.*

Scientific Notes.

Saws are tempered by natural gas, taken from the wells on the factory grounds, at Beaver Falls, Pa.

It is thought that Liberia may become one of the great cotton-producing countries. Replanting is only necessary every twelve or fifteen years. The plants bear in the first year, and soon become strong enough to defy grass.

The survey of the two lines of the Delaware and Maryland Canal has been completed from Choptank river to the breakwater.

A nitro-glycerine factory burned without an explosion is the latest novelty revealed to the people of Titusville, W. Va. The explosion of a flour mill without burning, is what surprised the people of Minneapolis.—*St. Louis Journal of Commerce.*

The American Consul at Lyons calls attention to a remarkable feature in the world's commerce at the present time—that the United States is the only country whose exports exceed its imports, with the exception of India, which has a small trade balance in its favor.

The greatest trigonometrical operation ever yet attempted, the junction of the Spanish and Algerian triangulations, is about to be undertaken. The Spanish engineers are posted at Sierra Nevada and Mount Tetica, the French at Filaoussen, near Nemours, and Ben Sabra, near Oran. The latter, it is expected, will be headed by Commandant Perier, of the Bureau of Longitude.

In a paper by Mr. C. Meldrum, in *Nature*, on "Sun-spots and Rain-fall," the author finds that the rain-fall so recorded at fifty-four stations in Great Britain, from 1824 to 1867, was 0.75 inch below the mean when the sun-spots were below their mean, and 0.90 inch above it when the spots were in excess, and the corresponding values for thirty-four stations in America were 0.94 and 1.13 inches.

Humorous.

—According to the Elmira *Gazette*, "a woman takes her nightcap, looks in the glass, and jumps into bed; the old man looks in the glass, takes his 'nightcap,' and—generally stays up all night."

—"A soft answer turneth away wrath," but a tough anser turneth away the carving-fork, slides all over the dish, and covers the head of the family with gravy and confusion.—*Puck.*

—Here is an extract from a little boy's first composition: "W'en cats is a swearin' and a blasfemin' and a tryin' the gages of their steam b'ilers in the back yard at nite, it makes a feller offle frade, if he isn't a sleepin' with his big brother."

—An Ohio man went out and hanged himself the other day, because a Columbus dentist told him his tooth was affected with "nodular calcification of the pulp." He left a note to his wife, saying he didn't want to live on and give it to her and the children.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Ike Street was at breakfast yesterday when a friend, seated at the opposite side of the table, thinking Ike a little near-sighted, remarked, "There's a fly on the end of your nose."

"Is there?" responded the owner of the horn of plenty. "I didn't know it. Just please scare it off, your'e nearer to it than I am."

—The finest flour in Germany is now said to be made with glass millstones." Remember this well. Haul some old millstone into your front yard, and break it up into generous lumps; and the first time a tramp stops at the gate and asks ye for bread, carry out the Biblical quotation in its new acceptation, and give him a stone. N.B.—Give it to him on the shin.—*Puck.*

—A lady with a fatal squint came once to a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her, and she looked at him, and both were embarrassed. He spoke first, "Would your ladyship permit me," he said, "to take your portrait in profile? There is a certain shyness about one of your eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."

—A young man of West Walnut street sat down at the piano, and began singing for the physician's daughter, "There's a sigh in the heart." Just then the old gentleman came in. "Young man," he said, severely, "you are entirely mistaken. It isn't a sigh. There may be a sigh from the lungs, but from the heart, never. You have made an error in diagnosis. What are the symptoms?"

—In attempting to carve a fowl one day a gentleman found considerable difficulty in separating its joints, and exclaimed against the man who had sold him an old hen for a young chicken. "My dear," said the enraged man's wife, "don't talk so much about the aged and respectable Mr. B; he planted the first hill of corn that was planted in our town." "I know that," said the husband, "and I believe this hen scratched it up."

—The dignified columns of the *Court News* were recently humiliated by a typographical error that showed that even royalty itself is not exempt from vexations of this kind. The paper was made to say: "The Queen drove two cows yesterday to visit the King and Queen of Denmark at Lisburne House." For "two cows" read "through Cowes," and the statement will become less remarkable.—*Ex.*

—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at an agricultural dinner in Cumberland recently, told a good story illustrating the effect of hard times on farmers: "One Scotch farmer had determined, in spite of the bad times, to pay his rent if it were his last shilling, and saying to the factor who received it, 'It is my last shilling,' he threw down a roll of notes. The factor counted them and said, 'There is £50 too much,' 'Odds, man,' said the farmer, 'I put my hand in the wrong pouch.'"

—Jones just looked in last night to say, "Hurrah, I've got a diploma!" and then passed on to the club. Mrs. Jones continued her work. Suddenly the candle (which is a staple article of Jones' household economy), flickered and threatened to go out. "Dip low, ma," said the son and heir of Jones—and there was weeping in that house as a small boy tumbled into bed on the double-quick, and a color more vivid than the ruddy glow of health tinged the maternal cheek.

—"What," the young man asked the young woman who was waiting for him to ask for his hat, "what do I put you in mind of?" "A French clock," she said, softly. And pretty soon he arose and went on his way. The next morning he called upon an eminent horologist, and asked him what was the distinguishing trait of a French clock. The horologist said, "Why, it never goes." And the young man was sorely cast down, and he grieved and told no man of his hurt.

—A little, four-year-old boy, Willie by name, enjoyed the luxury of sleeping with his mother during a short illness. After his entire recovery his mother told him one night that he was to go again to his own little room. He made no objections, but after being undressed said to his mother, "Mother, I want to say my prayers alone to-night."

"But why do you want to, Willie?"

"Because I want to, mamma."

Mother humored him, and standing outside the door, heard Willie pray as follows: "O Dod, make Willie sick; make him *real* sick; make him wommit; but don't *dead* him."

How much that boy wanted to sleep with his mother!

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ARCTIC EXPERIENCES.

THE UNKNOWN REGIONS OF THE FAR NORTH AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

The *Milwaukee Sentinel* says:—Mr. Ludwig Kumlien, a naturalist on board the Florence, the little vessel which was sent to the west coast of Greenland as the avant courier of the proposed Howgate expedition, arrived in Milwaukee and leaves for his home in Jefferson County—the place of his birth. Mr. Kumlien was interviewed last evening and gave an interesting narrative of the cruise of the Florence.

Their first landing was in the harbor of Niantillic, forty-one days out. There they engaged the services of Esquimaux, sailed into Cumberland Sound, and made preparations for going into winter quarters. On October 7th they were

FROZEN IN,

and the long and cheerless winter began. An observatory and snow-house were erected, and the term of their residence upon Cumberland Island was spent in taking observations and gathering such facts concerning the natural history of the region as were obtainable. Hourly observations were taken, day and night, and much scientific information was gathered which will prove valuable.

They were encamped in latitude 67.36, longitude 68. The little Esquimaux settlement near them was called Annanatook. They remained there for the space of five months, which gave ample time for becoming well acquainted with the peculiarities of the country. The winter was not unusually severe. The characteristics of the region were found to be about the same as those of the west coast of Greenland, 600 miles to the north, and consequently

THE COLD WAS INTENSE.

While the winter in Wisconsin was a mild one, in that extreme region, the average temperature from February 1, to March 19 was—°35 to—°48, or that number of degrees below zero by the Fahrenheit thermometer. The lowest temperature, in February, was—°52.5, occurring at a period when the mercury here ranged scarcely below the freezing point. The lowest reliable indications in these regions is presumed to be about —60.

THE COUNTRY

roundabout the impr isoned vessel presented a surface of barren rocks. Vegetation in the winter was indiscernible. In the summer a few lichens and other shrubs grow rapidly and thrive wonderfully for two or three months. There are also found many beautiful flowers, but they are small and scentless. Fuel, there is literally none, and no fruits save a few berries, which disappear as suddenly as they spring into existence. The flora and fauna are meagre, being nearly identical to those of Smith's Sound. But forty-two species of birds are found, while in Wisconsin we have 331. The same or a greater paucity obtains as to the fauna. Many specimens of these were secured.

THE ESQUIMAUX

and their habits formed an interesting study for the naturalist. He found them to be an honest and well-meaning race, as socially inclined as their intelligence would permit, but entirely uncivilized. They had little or no knowledge of white men, having been visited by whaling vessels on only two or three occasions. Their clothing is constructed entirely of skins. Their summer costume is made of sealskin, worn with the hair outward. In winter they wear a garment of sealskin, hair inward, with an outer garment made of the hide of the reindeer, the fur outward.

THE HOUSES

are made of snow, which is tramped hard, frozen, and cut in blocks, which are so laid as to form a hut, resembling the Indian wigwam. Windows are constructed of the inside membrane of sealskins which are to some degree transparent. The inside of the house is also lined with this membrane. The entrance is a low, long passage way, arched, of the same material as the walls, and to pass through which it is necessary to go on the hands and knees. Light and heat is furnished by means of lamps, in which seal "blubber" is burned, day and night. They give very little heat, the average temperature within the huts being 32 or 33 degrees—about 30 lower than that which is the average in our houses. Cooking is done by means of a stone pot, hung over the lamp. The water does not boil. It merely "simmers." Only a small portion of the food, however, is cooked, three-fourths of their diet being

THE RAW FLESH

of seals. A favorite dish is fresh blood mixed with the liquor in which the meat is "simmered." They have no vegetables whatever, living exclusively on animal diet. The raw flesh and fat thus become a preventive of scurvy. During the five months that the Florence remained at Annanatook, he, officers and crew dieted about the same as did the natives, and not a single case of sickness occurred. They had a medicine chest, but no doctor—and no use for them. The only accident occurred to Mr. Kumlien, who, while skinning a dog which had died of a species of rabies peculiar to the country, poisoned his hand with the virus, and suffered severely from its effects. There was only one person frozen, and that one not seriously.

THE REINDEER

is the only other animal of importance. Bears are not found so far north as Cumberland, nor any fur-bearing quadruped except a species of marten. There are a few hares, wolves and foxes, but they do not form an important part of the native economy. The reindeers are found at some distance from the coast, and exist in very great numbers. A party leaves the settlement for an inland trip, up some fjord, and advances until the flat country is reached, where they make an encampment and remain from four to six weeks. They shoot the game with bows made from the antler of the deer, each weapon constructed of three pieces. They are very elastic and strong. The cord is a sinew, and the arrows are wood tipped with horn and feathered. A few have now got fire-arms, but it will be a disastrous day for them when supplied with guns and ammunition, for the Esquimaux is an incorrigible "pot-hunter." He kills recklessly everything possible, with no regard to his necessities, and would soon exterminate the game if he had the means. When the hunt is over they conceal the venison in a stone cache. They return and convey it home with their dogs and sledges, their only means of transportation.

KENNEDY LAKE,

a large body of fresh water in the centre of the island, with an outlet to the sea both east and west, was one of the many interesting places visited by Mr. Kumlien. He found it to abound in salmon and trout, and immense quantities of aquatic fowls. It has many islands, and is remarkable for fossils. A peculiar feature of it is the fact it contains many seals, precisely the same in variety as those inhabiting the salt water. Among the waterfowl geese are so abundant that the natives, at certain seasons, can surround and drive them in large flocks. These birds all migrate in the winter. The party also visited other portions of the island, for the geography of which the reader is referred to the map, and in some of these excursions found evidences of the previous presence of white men. At one time they had penetrated to within a short distance of where, on the opposite side of Fox Channel, Sir John Franklin is supposed to have died.

THEY LEFT CUMBERLAND

on July 19 last, and forged their way through the cracked ice into Davis' Straits, and stood for the coast of Greenland, making the harbor of Godhaven, Disko Island, 250 miles, on the 31st. They had on board sixteen Esquimaux, thirty dogs, and a vast quantity of fur clothing, sledges, bone, and everything needed for a long and perilous voyage, or for the establishment of a colony. For twenty-two days they awaited the arrival of Howgate, when, abandoning the hope, they set out on the return voyage. The season was the worst, so far as quantity of ice was concerned that had been known since the settlement of the Danes in Greenland. Finally Cumberland was again reached, the Esquimaux landed, given presents, and on September 12th the Florence set sail for home.

THE SAD STORY OF BLOBBS AND HIS PULLET.

In a tiny country villa lived our Blobbs, but all alone;
Never wife or chubby children this staid bachelor had known.
Yet—for hearts *must* cling to something—he had made himself a pet
Of a little snow-white pullet, with her wings just tipped with jet.
Daily feeding and caressing, these had won the pullet's heart;
Following close her master's footsteps, seldom they were far apart;
And his love grew deeper, stronger, with the passing of each day—
"Wiser far than any woman," wicked Blobbs was wont to say.
Near by rose a wondrous structure—architects their brains had racked—
Cross between a Chinese temple and a cruet-stand, in fact.
This is the pretty pullet's dwelling; here she hastened every night;
Perched on high, became a *rooster* till the dawning of the light.
One sad day a Yankee peddler, glib, persuading, passing by,
Gazed at Blobbs and that poor pullet with a calculating eye.
From his wagon's deep recesses drew out, smiling wickedly,
"Johnson's Patent Hen-Persuader;" then to guileless Blobbs said he;
"Here's a marvelous invention! In this box you see a nest;
Hens at once will lay an egg here, lured to do their very best.
Then behold! this sliding bottom lets the egg drop out of view,
And the hen, somewhat bewildered, lays at once egg number two!"
'Twould be useless to repeat all that this wily peddler said;
This suffices. Blobbs, unwary, by his specious tongue misled,
Bought the "Patent Hen-Persuader," set his snow white pullet on,
Locked them both within the hen-house ere he went to town that morn.
Business then engrossed him fully, till, with numerous cares beset,
Who can wonder that the pullet and her nest he should forget?
Nothing all day to remind him; but returning late at night,
Flashed a sudden recollection, and his cheek grew pale with fright.
Rushing madly from the station, straight he sought the hen-house door,
Called his pet in tones entreating. Ah! she'll never answer more!
Full of gloomiest forebodings, in he dashes; finds the nest
Overflowing with its treasures—yes, she's done her level best.
Forty-seven eggs! and near them head and tail an inert wings still lay,
For the poor ambitious pullet thus had laid herself away!

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